

# The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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## Editorial Notes.

The death of Phoebe Cary has called forth many beautiful notices from the press, but none more fitting than the tender tribute of her long-time friend, which we print on another page. Miss Cary was for a time connected with *THE REVOLUTION*, and her pleasantries were highly appreciated by our readers and exchanges.

Mrs. Hooker's admirable report, on another page of our paper, deserves a careful perusal, and whoever commences reading it will hardly stop until it is finished. Her recommendation for local organizations and parlor clubs is eminently wise, and we hope will be acted upon. This report may seem to have been withheld too long, but on perusal it will be found eminently timely.

Sympathy with the sufferers by the late ferry-boat disaster, which cost nearly a hundred lives, is beginning to take a practical shape. Madame Louise Litchmay offers her services and those of her entire company to give a representation of grand German opera for the relief of the sufferers. We hope to hear that other ladies have engaged to do something. The sympathy that weeps golden tears, and drops in healing mercy and relieving charity, is the only kind that is specially helpful to men or acceptable to heaven.

The notion that women are intellectually inferior to men is encountering some rude facts. Col. Higginson says that Professor Whitney declared, at New Haven, the other day, that his best pupil in Sanskrit was a woman, who graduated from Vassar; and a Harvard professor told him that the most interesting Greek class he ever taught was a class of young ladies connected with Prof. Agassiz's school at Cambridge. And this opinion is corroborated by that of any witness competent to testify in the case. Yet every little, while some man who cannot put a half-dozen sentences together grammatically will repeat the stale and senseless assertion that women are inferior to men in mind. Let women have their mind and what is required for its culture, and the event will tell which is superior. We are willing to abide the issues.

As Mr. A. T. Stewart's hotel for working women approaches completion, its grand proportions and massive architecture make a grand impression on the eye. The building is one of the first objects that attract attention as we sail up and down the East River; and on the Fourth Avenue its appearance is equally ornamental and impressive. It will probably require another year to finish the superb building for occupancy. We hope its regulations will be as unyielding as the iron of which it is made, but as liberal as the spirit of generosity out of which it was built. Human nature is a thing of sentiment, poetry, ro-

mance, light and air, with less sense than nonsense in its composition; and if Mr. Stewart does not make provision for these elements of our common humanity in his palatial hotel, it will be little better than a cast-iron prison which the good will shrink from, and the tempted will fill them, and only wooden souls will care to enter.

The University of Vermont, at Burlington, has decided to admit young women as pupils. This institution takes its place beside the Universities of Michigan, Wisconsin and Indiana, St. Lawrence, Antioch College, Oberlin, Bates and Wesleyan. Amherst and Williams are considering the matter, and Harvard waits for courage to put her best thought into deed. Of course, it will be many years before a very large number of young women avail themselves of these new privileges. Most young women are not prepared for such a course of study, and most parents have not the means to send a daughter to college. But every year a larger number will be fitted for admission, and take their places with the young men. Meanwhile, whoever has means to spare could hardly invest it to a better purpose than by assisting some worthy and prepared young woman to obtain a college education. We know scores of women who have helped young men through college into the ministry. It is poor rule that will not apply to the other sex as well.

Mrs. Celia Burleigh writes good letters as well as good sermons, and her letter in the last number of the *Woman's Journal* is full of wisdom and sparkling with brilliant points. Such as these for instance: "There is more force in one ounce of affirmation than a pound of denial;" "No argument that a thing can be done is one half so conclusive as the doing it;" "You will get no more out of your life than you put into it;" "If by any means I could put into the two words, *be thorough*, what they stand for in my mind, I should teach every woman who reads this article how to make her life successful and happy. Dawdling will not do it; sentimentalizing will not do it; this is a victory which no knight errant nor lover can conquer for the beloved one, which prayers will not compass, nor money buy. For the hundredth time, I say to every woman, if you would be happy, you must be useful—you must have a work in life, and into that work you must put the best there is in you." Better things than these seldom get said.

The *Evening Mail*, a sprightly and very readable journal, is troubled about the next generation. It is not quite sure that there is to be one, but is still more uncertain what to do with it should it actually come. Great families have gone out of fashion, among Americans at least; besides it would require the purse of Fortunatus to provide for such a family, were one fortunate enough to have it.

It is unfortunately too true that children are not quite so eagerly longed for now as in former days, and the cradle is about the last thing thought of in furnishing a house. But the desire for large families, and the constantly reiterated wail over a race that is dying out, seem to us very unreasonable. Nature manages these things in her own wise way better than we could were we to try to improve on her methods. The mother who can destroy her unborn child is unfit to rear children for a republican State, and her progeny would be an addition of questionable value. Half the women one meets on the streets and in public places are physically and morally unfit for the maternity of strong and noble-minded sons and daughters; and it would be a public misfortune to perpetuate the type of many of our men. It is not the number of children but their quality, and the culture and training given them, that is the point to be considered. The parents who rear one child in health and refinement, with a culture, a morality, a character of the highest order, so that he is fitted for usefulness and honor, really contribute more to the welfare of the State than those who produce a dozen such children as we meet in the streets every day.

In the *Golden Age* of this week, Mr. Horace Greeley ventures to define his position on love, marriage and divorce, and the woman question generally. His views on the former topics are orthodox enough to satisfy the most fastidious of social Pharisees, and on the latter question he doggedly maintains an attitude of obstinate and unreasoning opposition to suffrage, and every line of effort which would bring woman into public notice. He goes so far as to express the hope that should his daughters engage in public affairs and become conspicuous in conventions, at the bar and in the Senate, his career may close before their's are fairly begun. But suppose that his daughters are fortunate enough to inherit a large share of their father's political taste and insight, and find themselves impelled by native instincts and called by circumstances they cannot innocently disobey to take part in public affairs? Shall they be true to themselves and the voice of duty, or to their father's whims? Suppose they find themselves each with a husband and family to support, and to do this are compelled to take a position which involves publicity? Would he not honor them for brushing away all fastidious and superfine tastes, and accepting the situation and meeting the exigency in a courageous and heroic mood? If he would not honor them ten times more for such a course than for its opposite, he is not the man he has been taken to be. We have no worse wish for Mr. Greeley than that he may live to hear his daughters speak from the platform in a way that will reflect credit upon his name, and to see them each filling some important public position with superior intelligence, fidelity and honor.



## EMILY PITTS STEVENS.

Our readers will be interested in learning something of this courageous woman, the editor of the *San Francisco Pioneer*. She is a nervously organized, pleasing little woman, with dark eyes, curly hair, refined manners and features, her every word and movement indicating culture and good breeding. She speaks and writes with force and point; and though her views are not shared by the majority of the people of San Francisco, yet she is thoroughly respected for her earnest devotion to her principles and the ability with which she advocates them.

Miss Stevens went from New York to San Francisco about five years ago, in company with the daughters of the celebrated novelist, G. P. R. James, for the purpose of establishing a Female Seminary. For two years they were in company. Then for two years she held as teacher, an important and responsible position in the Miel Institute. She taught and built up, under the superintendency of Mr. Pelton, the public evening schools for girls, which proved very useful and popular in that city. But her health failing under the labors of teaching day and evening, she resigned her evening charge; and received on retiring, both from pupils and superintendent, written commendations for energy, efficiency, and faithfulness as a teacher.

Subsequently, Miss Stevens taught in one of the most prominent families in San Francisco, and on leaving received testimonials not only in words but those of a substantial and material character. She also taught in the evening school under Mr. Denman's superintendency, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. Finally, the importance of enlarging the field of woman's industry and securing her political enfranchisement so filled her entire mind, heart and soul, that she felt constrained to abandon all other interests and occupations, and to consecrate herself to the promotion of that great movement which to her mind seemed to hold within its sacred embrace the destinies of half the human race.

Accordingly, by untiring industry, she purchased the old *Sunday Mercury* and at once gave employment and pay to needy women, and encouraged others to learn the printers' art; and through the columns of the *Pioneer*, the new name for the *Mercury*, she has done much to awaken all over the Pacific Coast, an interest in the woman movement, and to convince the public of the justice of woman's claims to the ballot, and the importance, nay, the necessity, both for woman, man, and the State, of conceding its exercise to her at once. Her paper has an extensive circulation and an increasing influence. Her success is another indication of what an industrious and energetic woman can do.

### A WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

The magnificent Asylum for the Insane at Washington, is very largely the result of the humane and tireless efforts of Miss Dix, the well-known philanthropist. It is an immense building, or rather series of buildings, occupying the space of seven hundred and twenty feet, from flank to flank, east and west, and one hundred and twenty feet deep,

north and south, four stories high, and covering about as much ground as the Capitol. It is in the castellated style of architecture, embracing some features of the gothic—with a superior tower in the center, and when viewed either from front, flank, or obliquely, the institution presents an immense and beautiful pile of structures, of dark red brick.

It occupies the handsome table land on the summit of "St. Elizabeth Heights," between the Anacostia and Potomac rivers, some two miles southeast from Washington, at an elevation of more than two hundred feet above tide-water, overlooking beautiful and picturesque stretches of country up and down those famous rivers, clustering with historic associations, connected with four wars which have marked the career of our young and giant nation. Its elevated position renders it a most healthy location, enjoying a free sweep of fresh breezes from all directions; while it is one of the first and most conspicuous objects which attract the attention of visitors and observers. Altogether it is a magnificent monument of a noble woman's devotion to the welfare of the most unfortunate of our race.

### CRIME—ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

That crime is fearfully increasing is apparent. It is also true that killing people by law fails to check the crime, or to protect society. Scarcely does the horror of one tragedy pass, before another equally appalling startles us from our transitory rest. Suicides shock us for a day, and are then forgotten. A daily chapter of accidents completes the history of the reckless disregard of life. Law and public opinion are alike impotent. The penalty of "eternal death," which the pulpit denounces upon wrong-doers, has lost its power to restrain the hand of guilt. With no adequate remedy, no knowledge of the cause of this state of affairs; and no power to turn aside the shaft of death which strikes the innocent as well as the guilty—accustomed to only one method of dealing with social evils, viz.: *punishment*—we naturally cry for the blood of the sinner as an atonement to society, and a terror to evil-doers.

A feeling of terror, as well as indignation, pervades the public mind, occasioned by the frequent, often unprovoked, and, too often diabolical destruction of human life, under the highest civilization of all the ages. This state of things leads many to think of Vigilance Committees, and more to carry arms for personal safety—all of which is plainly a confession that our civilization is a failure that faith in law and order is waning, and that we are fast hastening into anarchy.

To the community at large it matters little whether criminals are subjected to a protracted imprisonment, or hurried out of the world by means of the gallows. But it is worthy of consideration by sober minds whether we are applying the proper remedy, or whether there is any remedy at all. It certainly is not just to inflame public opinion even against the vilest of criminals in advance of their time, and thus defeat the very purpose of courts and trials. The law, the practice, and the justice of the case, assume the innocence of all persons until proof of guilt is made. They are entitled to a fair trial and the benefit of all doubts; and when convicted, they are

still entitled to the charity which comes from considering every palliation of their conduct.

In the case of Ruloff, Foster, and others, the accused were tried and condemned at the bar of public opinion, before the courts adjudicated their cases, and the legal verdicts merely reflected those of public opinion. We do not say that there is malice in this; but it lacks fairness. We are well aware that the circumstances are very aggravating, that the frequency and brutality of murders seem to demand prompt and severe measures; but still the course of the public press should not tend to defeat the intentions of the law, as well as the rights of criminals. To do this thoughtfully, deliberately, is a sin of fearful magnitude. What society owes to criminals, and what it owes to society, are delicate points not clearly settled—not well defined. Where sanity ends and insanity begins, neither the statute nor the professions have been able to determine. It is clear enough that capacity of resistance to vice and to virtue is the measure of all moral conduct, and must determine the degree of guilt. But where is the scale of capacity, with the degrees marked from zero to boiling heat?

It is equally clear that our theory of crime is at fault, or our remedies fail to harmonize with our theories. Criminals are not reformed, and crime is not prevented. So it matters little where the blunder is, the practical result is the same. Poverty and crime are still knocking at the doors of all legislatures for a remedy. But the remedy is very slow in its coming.

What then shall we do? Continue to demand blood for blood? If this is the justice of the case, then we say, yes! But are we certain that this is justice—that it is not vengeance—an excess of justice, rather than justice? The failure of the remedy for thousands of years, under all forms of government, may well excite doubts as to our having reached the remedy in the present methods. Having thus failed, have we any right to proceed with the repetition of our folly and ignorance, and inflict on the unfortunate victims of bad organization, and the evils of our social system, penalties which belong to us rather than to them?

Admitting that we have the right to the pound of flesh nearest the heart, no drop of blood is included in that right. Every pang beyond natural justice is vengeance; and all vengeance must come back for compensation upon those who inflict it. From this there is no possible escape.

The excesses of the old French Revolution, and the wild fury of the destroying Commune, had their causes in the excesses of the ruling classes. If there are no abuses, there will be no reflex effects, and punishments never can come without guilt somewhere.

Ruloff died as the result of the popular demand, rather than his absolute guilt. The *ante-mortem* scientists failed to develop, in their judgment, what was apparent to every careful student of mental philosophy, that his was an unbalanced brain, which, for the safety of society, should have been restrained on the first disorderly manifestation; giving him ample opportunity to work out his crotchets, and preventing injury to others. But his first trial, like the last, must have been conducted by men ignorant of their business. The *post mortem* scientists discovered extra-



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ordinary facts in the thickness, shape, proportions and volume of the brain, the most of which could have been well defined by any good phrenologist, blindfolded, and all of which show an unbalanced brain, and therefore only a limited moral responsibility, and a subject for an asylum from his very infancy, entitled to that kind of culture which would tend to modify his constitutional tendency to crime. If he had been removed from the necessity of the ordinary methods of acquiring the means of a livelihood, he would have been removed from the incentives which led him to obey his lower nature for the benefit of his higher.

We are well aware that Vigilance Committees have much credit for checking crime. But the proofs are insufficient. If there are a half dozen horse thieves in a county, and they are all hung, that ends the matter with them. If three are hung and three escape, the escaped will not be reformed by the punishment of the caught. We may, by severe means, drive criminals into other places, but they are criminals still. The raid on the gamblers in Mississippi, many years ago, did not reform a single one of them! The vigilance used on the gamblers in New York will not reform any of them. Compelled action is not moral, and not responsible. There is only one legitimate way to deal with these social problems: we must remove the causes of crime. Any other relief is only temporary, and scarce worth the effort.

The excesses of violence are our educators, and point plainly towards the only rational and effectual solution of the great problem of the ages. Sooner or later we must come to this, and shelve the gallows, suspend executions, and put criminals to work instead of killing them, while we apply the proper remedy by removing the causes of crime.

### PHOEBE CARY.

BY OLIVER JOHNSON.

The death of this woman, so widely known and beloved, has brought sadness to many an American household in which her face was never seen; much more has it shocked and grieved those who, while they set a high value upon the work of her pen, yet loved her more as a friend. Her five sisters all died, one after another, of consumption; but she was always robust, and without even a suspicion of that fell disease, so that her friends naturally anticipated for her a long as well as a happy life. The death of her sister Alice, only six months ago, was a great grief to her; but she bore the bereavement with so much calmness, and with such a sweet resignation, that her intimate friends saw no reason for anxiety on her account. It is plain, however, now, that that sad event affected her far more profoundly than her friends suspected. A shadow fell upon her, a sense of loneliness and desolation that unfitted her to resist any serious attack of bodily disease; and before her friends generally were aware that she was ill, she had passed beyond mortal help.

The life of Miss Cary was marked by no startling event, but flowed steadily, quietly and unostentatiously on, from its beginning upon her father's farm in Ohio, in 1825, to its close at Newport, July 31, 1871. When but 16 or 16 years of age, she began to write for the press, chiefly, though not exclusively, for

the periodicals of the Universalist denomination, in whose faith she lived and died. Her poems, unpretending as they were, won the attention of men and women of culture, who saw in them the promise of better things to come. When Dr. Gamaliel Bailey went from Cincinnati to Washington to edit *The National Era*, in 1847, or thereabouts, he asked Alice and Phoebe Cary to write for that paper, through which they became more widely, as well as more favorably, known. From this time until the death of the elder, the lives of the two sisters were so completely blended that the biography of one would be almost a repetition of that of the other. Unlike no less in mind than in person, they were yet bound together by sympathies so close that they were never separated except upon compulsion. In 1850 appeared "Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary," a volume of 264 pages, bearing the imprint of Moss and Brother, Philadelphia. Almost simultaneously with the publication of this volume, the sisters left their home in the West and established themselves in New York. During the last twenty years they were frequent contributors to our best newspapers and magazines, and their fame grew brighter and brighter to the end. Alice wrote both poetry and prose, Phoebe poetry only. In 1854 appeared "Poems and Parodies, by Phoebe Cary," her first venture in a book exclusively her own. This, like the former volume, the authorship of which had been shared by the sisters together, proved successful, encouraging her to still further effort; and in 1868 appeared her last and best work, "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love," published by Hurd and Houghton of this city.

The literary labors of these sisters, which had their beginning under all the discouragements of poverty, were so successful that, in a few years after their settlement here, they were able to establish themselves in a modest house in Twentieth street, which at once became a centre of attraction to a large circle of people of literary and artistic tastes. Here the sisters dispensed a hospitality as large and generous as their means permitted. The social gatherings over which they so long presided, and to which the graces and charms of a noble womanhood lent their powerful attraction, were the delight of all those who were privileged to take part in them. They were wholly informal, and without taint of exclusiveness. Wealth had no privileges and poverty no sense of humiliation under that roof. That house, now so desolate, and soon to fall into the hands of strangers, will long be associated, in the minds of hundreds of men and women in different parts of the country, with all that is sweetest and noblest in social intercourse. Whether the calm grace and dignity of Alice, or the spontaneous and sparkling wit of Phoebe, was the most attractive feature of these social gatherings it would be difficult to decide; but the union of the two was irresistible.

It will not be claimed that Phoebe Cary was a poet of the first rank. Few, indeed, are the "names that were not born to die," sooner or later. But she has written much to cheer and comfort the sad, much to give pleasure to youth and age, much to inspire in all a deeper love of truth and goodness; and some of her poems will live long after her earthly remains have mingled with their kindred dust. The hymn so appropriately sung at her funeral—

"One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,"

is a lyric which will be cherished by many generations as one of the finest in the English language. From her poems of "Faith, Hope, and Love" we copy the following, which, if we are not mistaken, has found its way into several hymn-books without the proper credit:

### A PRAYER.

I ask not wealth, but power to take  
And use the things I have aright;  
Not years, but wisdom, that shall make  
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me  
The plan of good and ill be set aside,  
But that the common lot of man  
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep  
My steps in places green and sweet,  
Nor find the pathway of the deep  
A path of safety for my feet;

But pray that, when the tempest's breath  
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,  
I make not shipwreck of my faith  
In the unbottomed sea of doubt;

And that, though it be mine to know  
How hard the stoniest pillow seems,  
Good angels still may come and go  
About the places of my dreams.

I do not ask for love below,  
That friends shall never be estranged;  
But for the power of loving, so  
My heart may keep its youth unchanged.

Youth, joy, wealth—Fate, I give thee these;  
Leave faith and hope till life is past;  
And leave my heart's best impulses  
Fresh and unfailing to the last.

There are other poems of our departed friend, which, if space allowed, we would gladly print, but we must forbear. This brief sketch would be inexcusably imperfect if we did not add that Phoebe Cary was a firm and courageous champion of the civil, political, social and religious equality of woman. On this subject her opinions were known to all her friends, and if her life had been spared, they would have found still more emphatic utterance. In the long struggle for the overthrow of slavery her sympathies were ever with the friends of freedom, and in the dark days of 1859 she was neither ashamed nor afraid to celebrate in one of her most stirring lyrics the glorious heroism of John Brown. She was also, it is due to truth to say, a Spiritualist, so far as to believe that she might and sometimes did receive messages from her deceased friends. On the very day before her death, she spoke to myself of the comfort she had derived during her illness from the conviction that her dear sister Alice was often near her, and giving her unmistakable manifestations of her presence and sympathy.

Our dear friend, so loved and cherished, and whose songs of Faith and Hope have so often cheered us, and shall still continue to cheer us in our earthly pilgrimage, is gone from our sight; but we comfort ourselves with her own brave words:

"O Death! most dreaded power of all,  
When the last moment comes, and thou  
Darkenest the windows of my soul,  
Through which I look on Nature now;

"Yea, when mortality dissolves,  
Shall I not meet thine hour unawed?  
My house, eternal in the heavens,  
Is lighted by the smile of God!"



## Notes About Women.

—Mrs. Barr says teaching is essentially woman's work.

—The female population of England exceeds the male by 718,516.

—Miss Phebe Cozzens, of St. Louis, has been appointed notary public.

—Somebody has said that Eve was created for Adam's *Express Company*.

—Mrs. Bliss Smith, of Londonderry, N. H., has followed the trade of shoemaker for forty years.

—The woman who maketh a good pudding in silence is better than she who maketh a tart reply.

—The Empress Eugenia is negotiating for the sale of her diamonds, which are valued at \$1,600,000.

—Mrs. Mary J. Lowry, of New Jersey, has been appointed to a position in the Fifth Auditor's office.

—Who shall say that women are not economical? They even practice tight lacing to prevent waistfulness.

—Miss Putnam has passed a highly successful examination before the Faculty of Medicine of Paris.

—The only married daughter of ex-Minister J. L. Motley is reported to be engaged to an English nobleman.

—The Superintendent of the Unitarian Sunday-school, Bloomington, Ill., is a woman, who fills the post with great success.

—The National Bank at South Weymouth, Mass., has for assistant cashier Miss Emily T. White, a young lady of twenty three.

—The English literary papers do not think that Mrs. Stowe's "Pink and White Tyranny" is so good as some of her earlier works.

—Princess Christian is suffering from an affection of the lungs, which causes much anxiety to the members of the British Royal Family.

—The wife of d'Aubigne, the well known historian of the Reformation, is actively interested in the Sunday-schools in Geneva, Switzerland.

—Harriet Martineau is in better health this summer, though she is still disabled from work. She lives in her charming retreat of "Amble-side," in the English lake country.

—Mrs. Lucy Sawyer, the oldest inhabitant in Bolton, Mass., died on Thursday morning last at the great age of ninety-eight years. Until recently she has always been remarkably active.

—A young lady is at work in the mills at Lowell who spends her evenings in the study of phonography, rhetoric, and French, with the view of becoming a reporter, and eventually an editor.

—Mrs. Livermore is spending a few weeks among the White Hills. She lives at Melrose, and has a home as pleasant and attractive as almost any woman who does nothing but work the domestic treadmill.

—The Empress Eugenie sent a letter to his Holiness on the late Papal jubilee, containing 100,000 francs in the name of the Imperial Family. This does not look much like the indigence which is in immediate danger of suffering.

—Some one has remarked that Mary Howitt dresses like a Friend. Her husband corrects the mistake, saying, "She dresses as any other lady of her years, who is simple and unostentatious in her ways."

—There are sixty-eight colleges for young women in the United States; and every one of them ought to take pity on young men and admit them to the privileges of an education in an atmosphere of civilizing and refining influence.

—Brigham Young's seventieth birthday arrived lately, and his wives and children gave him a surprise party, all assembled in a hall, and inviting him to dinner. The family together looked like a town meeting where universal suffrage was in vogue.

—It is said that Father Hyacinthe intends to add the taking of a wife to his other "departure" from Rome. So liberty and love go hand in hand. We hope the invisible bonds of hymen will prove the channels of a new inspiration and not the chains of a new slavery.

—A London letter-writer says we will see henceforward a great many links between the upper classes of England and the United States, so far as Englishmen and American women are concerned. But the converse does not hold good. American men don't care for English girls, and English girls don't care for American men.

—A fashion writer calls attention to the peculiar manner some young ladies have just now of carrying the hands. The arms are held as close to the body as possible, bending them until the back and forepart nearly touch; the wrists remain elevated, and the hands assume a listless, drooping position, which we can only liken to the kangaroo.

—Madame George Sand has made a new contract with the publishers of *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which it is stipulated that she shall receive forty dollars, gold, per page for every novel she writes for them. She also retains the right to publish her productions afterward in book form. The novel she is now writing is entitled "Francis."

—The Supreme Court of Kansas has decided, 1, that a wife who purchases personal property from her husband in good faith, and for a good and sufficient consideration, is in equity the owner of said property; and, 2, that if a subsequent creditor of her husband causes an execution to be levied upon said property to satisfy her husband's debt, she may maintain an action of replevin against the officer for the recovery of the same. All the justices concurred in these decisions which indicate the progress of our cause in that flourishing State.

—Miss Charlotte Cushman will probably reappear on the stage during the coming season. She has been importuned by managers in all quarters ever since her return to this country last autumn. The state of her health was such that she was compelled to decline all offers, though they were most liberal. Lately her health has greatly improved, and if her medical advisers do not think it imprudent, she will appear in the one character of "Queen Catherine," in Henry the Eighth, early in the fall, at Booth's Theatre, in New York. She does not intend to revive any of the other characters of her repertoire.

—At the late meeting of the Michigan Publishers' Association, at Bay City, Mrs. R. W. Jenny, of this city, Miss Etta Crane, of Schoolcraft, and Miss C. B. Allison, of Cassopolis, were regularly elected as members of the Association—the first ladies ever accorded the distinction.

—The Pittsburgh Female College has twenty-two professors and teachers, and its recent examination occupied eight days. Three prizes were given; one to Miss Catherine Collier, for Latin; one to Miss S. Cunningham, for instrumental music; and one to Miss Wallace, for vocal music.

—Mrs. Susan Higgin, of Liverpool, who lived several years in this country, has given \$25,000 to the Scientific School connected with Yale College, probably anticipating that at no distant day it will be open to young women as well as young men. Every dollar given to such institutions by women helps to open their doors to our sex.

—The late Phoebe Cary had a wonderful necklace, which she was fond of showing to her friends. It consisted of stones and shells and bits of ivory, etc., contributed by personal friends. Each one was of value in her eyes, as something of interest attached to it. Many of the stones were precious. Among the contributors were Robert Dale Owen and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who furnished a little cube of "agate."

—Queen Victoria has directed that the pulpit sand glass which indicates the length of time allowed for the sermon in the Royal Chapel, shall be measured for twenty minutes only, instead of an hour as formerly. This sets the fashion for the Kingdom; but, after a reading of the usual Episcopal service, twenty minutes is as long as anybody can listen with profit, especially to such dull preachers as most English churches contrive to have.

—Mrs. Billings, of New York, whose husband, a native of Somers, Ct., died a few years ago, leaving her a large property, has in contemplation the erection of an elegant structure to his memory, in the Springfield, Mass., cemetery, whose natural and artistic beauty she greatly admires. It will be a costly tomb, in front of which will be erected a chapel, thirty-five feet in height, and surmounted by a beautiful group of statuary. It is estimated that the whole structure will cost \$25,000.

—Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames says the Sisters of St. John, in the city of Washington, are composed almost exclusively of young ladies in the world, who voluntarily leave it in turn for a month at a time, to live in a hospital to nurse the children of the poor. I saw one, the daughter of a distinguished officer, as she emerged, last spring, worn by days and nights of watching and nursing, but with a light in her eyes which belongs to the saints. "My baby did not die," she said; "that is pay enough." And she put on once more the rich robe of the world, and went "to receive" in her father's house till her month as "Sister" should call her back again to watch and ward. Who can say that the Sisters of St. John, even in the gay world of the capital, are not doing Christ's work? Who will say that the life of any Christian woman, however lowly, need be aimless, or useless, or beneath "the dignity" of a being created in the likeness of God?



—When Hawthorne lost his office in the Salem Custom-house, he told his wife that he did not see where their dinners were coming from. She told him that she had saved enough for a few weeks' supply, and then employed her exquisite æsthetic taste and skill in making lamp-shades of lovely forms, decorated with figures from Flaxman, in her beautiful penciling. She employed herself constantly with this work until Hawthorne's first pecuniarily successful work was published.

—The Philadelphia *Age* sensibly says: "The very purpose of an engagement should be to give time for an acquaintance that may assure the parties of the prudence of marriage between them. If the engagement develops an incompatibility, there is no greater wrong possible than a reluctant, enforced fulfillment of it. This does more lasting damage, causes more unhappiness, than any breach of promise." No permanent and binding engagement between man and woman should be made except at the altar.

—An old, withered, ragged crone, who for the past fifteen years has traversed the streets of the city, harnessed to a hand-cart, and collecting rags and bones from the streets, died suddenly the other day in an old tumble-down shanty, leaving \$5,000 in the Savings Bank, which she bequeathed to a little girl eight years old, who lived with her. But the poor old creature knew the worth of privileges she had been denied, and provided that the girl should be properly educated at some Catholic boarding-school.

—Nasby gives in his adhesion to the woman's suffrage movement, in a recent number of the Toledo *Blade*, as follows: "We rejoice at the intimation that the constitutional convention of Nebraska will submit to a separate vote the question of female suffrage. We hope it may be not only submitted to the people, but ratified by a majority. We believe in the maxim, 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.' The right of suffrage has been breaking through one limitation after another, and each new expansion of it strengthens instead of weakening the government. One of our new, thrifty, and progressive States, should take courage to throw off the yoke of prejudice against new reforms, and try the experiment of woman suffrage. If that trial should result in failure, the world will have learned the lesson by fact and not by theory. And if it shall prove successful, other States will follow the good example."

—A "Women's Printing Office," has recently been established in Washington by Mrs. Julia A. Holmes, a lady favorably known to the public as a writer, and for her labors in behalf of education and general reform. Mrs. Holmes designs imparting instruction in type-setting to as many young ladies as possible, being partly actuated to undertake her benevolent work by the knowledge of the number of poor women seeking employment, and the desire to establish a business that would afford them one more avenue of labor. An evening class, in addition, for the benefit of those who cannot attend during the day, is shortly to be commenced. In connection with the composing room is a stereotyping department, in which business instruction will also be given, that employment being equally suitable and offering good inducements to women.

—Ladies who travel now-a-days take more comfort than formerly, as crinoline, if worn at all, is of very small dimensions, and with their linen overdresses, thick veils, waterproof cloaks, heavy boots and tarpaulin hats, can defy wind and weather, and stand any amount of dust and cinders.

—A writer in the Cincinnati *Weekly Times* well says that "women generally have an instinct against organizations composed of women only; and they are right. No great good can ever be effected by them, because sooner or later they fall into the hands of the one among them who has the strongest will, the greatest spirit of appropriation, the most persistent selfishness—the one, in short, who is most like a man, and the whole concern becomes her little machine." The woman movement means union of men and woman, not separation of men and women; it stands for marriage, not divorce. The sexes have been divided long enough. Let them be one, as God intended they should be.

—Miss Olive Logan returned from Europe last week, after a rapid tour of recreation in search of health and strength for the coming lecture season. She did not lecture in London, owing to the lateness of the season, but has promised to return there in the spring, and give a series of lectures under the auspices of Charles Dickens' former London manager, Mr. Dolby. The larger part of her time was spent in Switzerland, among the Alps, and on the beautiful Rhine. In Paris she remained but a few days, and reports the "City of Luxury" sadly fallen from its old luxurious condition, as that there was but little pleasure in sojourning there. She is now at her home in Ninth street, New York.

—Grace Greenwood has visited the watch manufactory at Elgin, Ill., and watched the entire process of watch-making from the rough beginning to the polished ending, so that she actually believes she can put a watch together, after a fashion. But she was troubled at finding that the women, though well paid and contented, were not so well paid as the men; and, of course, she felt like stirring up a sedition among her sisters, and remonstrated with the superintendent upon this injustice. He said, "that the trouble was the girls would get married and quit work, just, perhaps, as they had become well trained and useful, and so were not as valuable and reliable operatives as men, with whom marriage made no difference except to fix them more steadily in their places and at their work." To this she says, "I replied that, if women had more avenues of labor opened to them, and were better paid, they would be less likely to marry—at least in a hurry. There would be an end among working women to the marriage of convenience—too often a frantic flop 'out of the frying-pan into the fire.' Finding in the engraving-room a woman of middle age, engaged in doing the same work precisely as the man beside her, I came down on the superintendent with all the thunders of Steinway Hall; but he only smiled quietly—m-ekly, I thought—and seemed not to have the face to defend himself." He afterward admitted, however, that the ill-used lady in question was, by an exception to the general rule, paid exactly the same wages given to the male artists with whom she works, rivaling them in delicate graving.

—Jane Austen's unfinished novels have just been published in connection with her memoir, by her nephew. "Lady Susan" is the principal novel, and is said to be very interesting. Here is a sentence: "My dear Alicia, in what a mistake were you guilty in marrying a man of his age! Just old enough to be formal, ungovernable, and to have the gout; too old to be agreeable, too young to die."

—One of our exchanges says: "When girls are taught at the mother's knee, at the home fireside, in school, and in society, that it is as disgraceful for them to be loafers as it is for their brothers, we shall have girls demanding and getting that thoroughness of mental and technical training which is needed in the successful pursuit of any employment, and not before. We shall have a standard then for scholarship, and women will look upon education as something better than mental ruffles and furbelows, or as a mere means of enabling them to support themselves in genteel independence until they can marry, and we shall hear no more of lack of employment for women."

—The Queen of Holland, a little time ago, visited London, and expressed to Dean Stanley her desire to see the literary men. Whereon the Dean gave a literary dinner, and among the guests the Queen of Holland was particularly pleased with Mr. Leckey. She earnestly invited him to pay a visit to her palace at the Hague, and Mr. Leckey, having accepted, there met the Maid of Honor to her Majesty, who has now become his wife. She is a highly cultivated lady, and a particular friend of the Bunsens. Indeed, there are no handsomer or more cultivated ladies in Europe than the Dutch. It shows the absurdity of some of our generalizations about nations that "a Dutch woman" should so often be another phrase for corpulence; whereas, in fact, it is rare in Holland to see a fat woman.

—The *Home Journal* thinks free-thinking women are not numerous. Women are trained and educated to please men. With their earliest dawn of reason it is enforced upon their minds that their only prospect of leading a respectable and useful life is finding favor in the eyes of some man. What more powerful incentive could be given to a woman to crush her opinions before they have yet got too much strength to be crushed, and stifle the voice of her reason before it becomes so loud that it will make itself heard to her in spite of her? To hold to the old opinions cannot injure her in any worldly point of view, for, though the men who hold to them may shrink from the women who do not, no such feeling influences a man who does not hold them toward a woman who does. Men may grumble after marriage about lack of sympathy; but they get so accustomed to associating with women with whom they have nothing intellectually in common, that they very easily marry them, and they can do so without fearing distrust and suspicion from their orthodox wives. The most orthodox woman will seldom refuse to marry a man, however unsound his religious opinions may be, if he suit her in other ways. However important she may believe her religion to be for her own salvation and that of others, she always believes in a back stairs to heaven, by which the man she loves may creep up there before or after her.



## Our Mail Bag.

THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Permit me through your journal to express my high appreciation of the far-seeing, comprehensive, and most truthful article by Samuel Bowles, Esq., published in the *Springfield Republican* of late date, entitled "Sex in Politics."

You cannot know, as woman knows, how directly you come to the question of woman suffrage in your analysis of human character, higher law, and Republican government; nor how, by avoiding the false expedients that cross and recross the line of march in this cause, you have cast up a "highway" in which "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein," and journalists may see "men as trees walking."

You say, most truly, that the vote as such "is not the thing, but the sign, or token" of an individual equality, supplementing the present deficiency in the "general welfare," and protecting woman in self-government; and that in the process of equalizing, although new possibilities and new temptations may threaten temporary danger, individual equality is the only safeguard to prevent a greater disaster in the degradation of character, and the downfall of the government.

You accept the Divine Order in politics, which so very few, even of our statesmen, recognize, and you discover that womanhood is the only saving force, the legitimate reserve power necessary to purify and vitalize its elements; that women in the State may be trusted for what she is in the house, the school, the church; and that only her average influence can be claimed as compensation for the use of the ballot. And this is practical philosophy.

It is too much to ask of the women of this country, upon their first admission to citizenship, that with a talesmanic power they wipe out the sins of Tammany, Wall Street, and the Whisky Ring, by a single vote. Give them a hundred years of fair chance; even then, the millenium may not come, as the sins of the fathers have yet to be visited upon the third and fourth generations; but in the aggregate and detail, as you say, we shall advance.

JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 1, 1871.

## A WORD FROM THE PACIFIC.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

The arrival of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony in our city has created more interest and excitement than that of any previous advent since 1849. The Halls were filled to repletion at every lecture, and in the space of four days, they received over three hundred calls, beside innumerable invitations to private residences.

The warm-hearted welcome extended to these ladies from all classes, and both sexes, particularly as a great proportion of them have never been identified with woman suffragists, is highly gratifying to their old friends here. It has been amusing to notice the various opinions expressed as to the individual merits of these ladies. A few days since, I heard a conversation between two gentlemen in a street car, and while one was extolling Mrs. Stanton, the other exclaimed "Yes, yes, that is all very

true, but Miss Anthony probes to the core of things; that's what we need here in San Francisco!" Then followed his opinion of Miss Anthony, with encomiums which I shall never repeat to her, for fear of encouraging that folly, said to be feminine, viz.: vanity.

They are both duly appreciated as women of culture and refinement, and as speakers and workers in the reforms of the day.

The press, with some exceptions, satisfied and ridiculed as usual; but to this, we San Franciscans have become totally indifferent. The *Examiner*, a Democratic paper published in this city, has ever treated us, and our cause, with courtesy and respect. This visit of Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony to the Pacific Coast, will result in great benefit to the cause of woman; and not only have they exerted their influence for this, but also, in behalf of other humanitarian objects. They had visited the prisons and asylums, the poor and the needy, and sympathized with the sick and the afflicted. Truly, their errand has been one of love and humanity. They left on Tuesday last for Yosemite, Calaveras, and the Geysers. Will return when the sight-seeing is concluded; and as both have been invited to lecture again, will probably tarry with us a week or more. Mrs. Stanton has business necessitating her return to New York at an early period; but we are urging Miss Anthony to remain after the departure of Mrs. Stanton. As yet, she has not given us her decision.

ELIZABETH T. SCHENCK.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22, 1871.

## THE CAUSE IN ILLINOIS.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Not seeing our portion of the State of Illinois often mentioned in your columns, I have thought of sending you a few lines in reference to the progress of public opinion here in favor of the "woman movement." Illinois is pre-eminently a progressive State, and her people are generally broad and liberal in their views and opinions; but many of them are intensely orthodox, and they fear to commit themselves to any new idea that seems to conflict with the "Thus saith the Lord" of the old dispensation.

We have among us many noble, large-hearted women, who are working earnestly for the cause, and whose labors would be more abundant, and the results more apparent, were they not afraid of wounding the feelings and prejudices of their ministers, or of some dear old members of their church.

It is gratifying, however, to see many of these prejudices against woman's freedom to work and develop her divinely implanted instincts and aspirations after a new life gradually disappearing, as the result of the earnest and self-sacrificing labors of some of our grand women apostles of the gospel of woman's salvation. This section of our State, Bloomington especially, has recently been favored with visits from two of the most effective workers and advocates of the cause. A few weeks ago, Mrs. C. V. Waite, of Chicago, delivered a lecture on "Woman" that gave great satisfaction, and convinced many who were undecided in their opinions, that the largest demands that the friends of woman suffrage make are all compatible with the Bible view of woman's best and holiest mission to regenerate the earth and purify society.

A new impetus has lately been given to the work by a series of lectures delivered to ladies on "Physical Development and the Relations of the Sexes," by Dr. Ellen Ferguson of Indiana. Woman's right to health is one that even the opponents of her right to vote will not deny her, and when advocated with such persuasive eloquence, clearness of description, and purity of language, by one so highly gifted by nature's education and experience, is one of the best arguments in favor of woman's social and political emancipation. I had the privilege of hearing her two lectures on "Marriage," and the "Social Evil and Murder of the Innocents;" and no words that I can use would do justice to the masterly manner in which these subjects were treated by the speaker. These two lectures showed that she is a profound thinker, a thorough student of human nature, and enthusiastic devotee of her profession, in which she has few equals. We congratulate our sister State that she can number amongst her workers in the suffrage movement one whose intellectual and professional attainments and sweet womanly domestic virtues are of so high an order. Mrs. Ferguson's lectures and personal influence in this community have done much for the advancement of the woman movement by removing prejudice and stimulating enquiry, and we wish her similar success elsewhere.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Aug. 1, 1871.

A. G. L.

## Contributions.

THE WHITE SUN-BONNET.

BY LAURA CURTIS BULLARD.

(CONTINUED.)

"Take care," said Ruby, sitting by his side and lifting his hair fondly. "Remember I am not beautiful."

"No, Ruby, but you are charming, and that is better. You are radiant. You are rightly named; a Ruby you are; but I shan't put you into my pictures, because others might not see you as I do."

Ruby was silent; she was sad. She looked into the clear water as into a mirror for some time, and then turned away with a sigh. "Why do you long for beauty," said Walter, reading her thoughts. "You are beautiful to me, will not that content you?" and he looked at her fondly.

Ruby smiled. "I had rather be beautiful to you, than to all the world beside," she said cheerfully; "but you are going away—changes will come—you will see others, and when you return—" She paused, overcome by emotion.

"I know what you mean—but let changes come, I will never forget you, dear Ruby; I will come back and marry you."

"You will, indeed; how do you know that I'll have you?" she replied, with her old gayety.

"Nonsense, Ruby, I know well enough. We love each other, and shall marry, of course. Here is a ring, 'a serpent with a ruby in his mouth,' one like that of Preciosa's that you fancied so much in the Spanish Student; I had it made for you. Wear it for my sake, to remind you always that you are mine."

He placed it on her finger. She held her hand up in the moonlight; a beautiful hand and arm it was, so Walter told her.



"What shall I give you?" she said, musingly; "not a curl of this despised hair, and I have nothing else. Yes, here's my sun-bonnet, Will you take that?"

Walter smiled. "No! but, Ruby, you shall give me a promise. As soon as I come back, will you put on that sun-bonnet and come to meet me? I have seen you so much in it, that it has become almost a part of you, and no matter what changes have taken place, the sight of that would bring back dear old times in all their freshness. Will you do it, Ruby?"

"Yes, Walter, I will," she said aloud. "Ah! when shall we meet, and how?" she asked herself, but she did not give utterance to her thoughts.

"Ruby, let us go and sail on the pond," said Walter, breaking the silence; she willingly consented.

His sail-boat was moored there, and they floated over the water, sometimes talking and sometimes silent; sometimes Ruby sang songs and Walter listened, but whatever their employment, always both were happy.

They came suddenly to a bed of pond-lilies, and from the number they gathered, Ruby made garlands, and decked herself with them; she had a correct taste, and the pure but fanciful wreaths added greatly to the beauty of her dress.

"You are—you will be beautiful, Ruby," said Walter, his eyes kindling with appreciation of her taste. "I may put you in a picture yet."

Ruby smiled. She did indeed look charming, and it was very pleasant to her to know it.

"Take one of these lilies, and keep it as a memento of to-night," she said.

"I shall not need it," he said; but he took it, nevertheless.

"How soon everything pleasant comes to an end!" sighed Ruby, "and how long it will be before we meet again!"

"It shall not be long," whispered Walter, as he embraced her and bid her farewell for a little while—"a few years at most."

A few years! and what have they in store for you, young dreamers? Shall the bright sun of happiness so shine in your pathway that this quiet sunrise shall be lost in the glory of the mid-day radiance? or shall your eyes, dimmed with weeping, look only sadly into the past, and hopelessly in the future? Shall your several paths ever meet? or, if so, shall that meeting be only a bitter mockery, when courteous words and cold smiles shall play their part, veiling sad or chilled hearts that were once all in all to each other?

Change there must be; you cannot be exempt from the lot of all. What and how great shall it be! With what longing glances Ruby gazed into the future! How she yearned to lift the veil that shrouded it, as she stood looking down the path that Walter had taken, long after he had disappeared. Some sad forebodings she had indeed; but she was young and hopeful, and hope conjured up fair visions before her of that future she so longed to see, and she was content.

The days seemed long after Walter's departure, and their well-known haunts, where they had spent so many happy hours, had lost half their beauty to Ruby's eyes.

She was growing both listless and unhappy, for she did not understand the solace that employment gives the sod, and idly wandered round, brooding over the loss of her friend.

It was twilight. She had just returned from a long walk, and, as she approached the cottage, she heard loud and angry tones. She leaned against the open door and looked into the little apartment. A stranger was there—a middle-aged and handsome man, who was standing with one hand resting negligently on a chair. His attitude was careless, elegant, and defiant. He listened with indifference to a stream of vituperation from Granny Morgan's lips, seasoned as it was with the most shocking oaths and imprecations.

Never had Ruby seen the old woman in such a fit of passion. She absolutely shuddered as she looked on her face, livid with anger, and heard the shocking words that fell from her mouth. "You shall shall not have her?" she repeated again and again. "You shall not steal her, and kill her as you did her poor mother, my own Mary," and again she loaded him with curses.

She paused at last, quite out of breath. "Have you finished, Granny?" said he coolly; then, without giving her time to reply, he continued in a low, stern and determined voice, "I shall take her. She is mine. I have a right to her—"

"You have not! You have not!" shrieked the old woman. "You would take her, fondle her a while, then cast her off, as you did her mother before her, cold-hearted villain that you are! Yes, fiend! I stood by that bedside—the death-bed of my poor, wronged daughter. I took her child, your child, and there I swore that you should never see her, and you shall not."

"Hag! Fool!" he ejaculated. "Mary was my wife—I never deserted her. She was too much like you; in a fit of rage she left me, and all my search was in vain. I have spared no pains to find her and my child. Thank Heaven, I have found one at last. I am rich; but I would give all my wealth to feel the clasp of that child's arm around my neck—to hear her call me father."

"Do you swear to me that Mary was your wife?—that you never deserted her?" exclaimed the old woman eagerly.

"I do," he began; but she interrupted him.

"What is an oath to you, perjured villain? Fool that I am to ask it." Her eyes flashed. "Oh! I have longed for this hour," she said. "You would give all you possess for your child—and you shall not have her. I have my revenge. It has been long delayed, but it is sweet at last."

"Woman!" he exclaimed, "give me my child! Here is money!" and he offered her a roll of bills. "Ask what you will, but give her to me."

She struck them aside. "Your money perish with you," she exclaimed scornfully. "And you, wretch, get out of my sight. I hate you! Do not look at me with those beautiful eyes, that made my Mary forget her own mother for a stranger. Begone! You who envied my child, and made me what I am! But this moment repays me for all. Every pleading look of your eyes soothes my heart."

"Woman! where is my child?" he exclaimed in a voice of agony. She only uttered a scornful laugh in reply.

Ruby could bear it no longer. "Here I am!" she exclaimed, flinging herself on his bosom.

"Thank God!" he ejaculated, as he folded her to his heart, while the old woman fairly

gnashed her teeth in her rage and disappointment. She cursed him again and again; she predicted the most dreadful of fates for Ruby, if she went with him; then, as the girl clung closer to her father, with still wilder words and oaths, she bade them begone, and vanished.

"Will you go with me?" he asked,

"Gladly!" was the reply. "Why should I not? She does not love me. You do. You will always, will you not?"

"Then you are not afraid to trust me, even after what you have heard?"

"Not I. Let us go."

Ruby would have said farewell to her grandmother; but she had gone, no one knew whither; so she followed her father a short distance, where she found a carriage; they entered it, and thus Ruby left the witch's cottage.

In a few days' time the village was full of the mysterious disappearance of both Ruby and Granny Morgan. The cottage was deserted, as no one cared to take up his abode, where, if report spoke truly, the fiend himself had been to claim both the witch and her victim.

Meanwhile years passed on, and the cottage, deserted and dreary, served only to keep in mind the evil fate of all witches.

## II.

It was a bright and cheerful day. Broadway was thronged with gay and smiling faces, with richly dressed and beautiful ladies, with fops idly sauntering up and down the street, jostled against by hurrying business men, or interrupted in their lounge by the pleading voice and sad face of street beggars. But these last were only the shadow in a picture where all else was outwardly bright; yet could the hearts of that careless, smiling throng, have been unveiled, perhaps the very beggar, who inwardly cursed while he envied the rich who passed him by without a look, or cast him a small coin, would have shrunk from exchanging places with these mortals who, to his fancy, possessed all that hearts could wish.

But we will glance at only one in that throng. He was a young and handsome man, but he did not heed the beauty of ladies who passed him, or the glances of admiration which bright eyes cast upon him. He was not walking for pleasure, or, if he had sought it, he had not found it. It was Walter Manning. He had returned from Italy, and had come to New York without money or friends.

He had incurred the displeasure of his parents by persisting in his desire to become an artist, and his pride forbade his applying to them for the means of subsistence, when he had so proudly told them that he should be both rich and great in his chosen career. He had studied hard and lived humbly in Italy, cheered by the hope of future recognition of the genius that he felt he possessed, and he had imagined that in his native land he had but to display his work to see enthusiastic admirers throng his studio, and eager purchasers vie with each other for the possession of his paintings.

Alas! his sanguine dreams had been succeeded by a bitter waking, and as he had been exhilarated by the hope, so now was he plunged into the deeper despair. He distrusted himself. He began to fear that he was not worthy to enter the courts of the temple of art—he who had hoped to enter the holy of holies. He scorned himself. He overwhelmed himself with the bitterest self-reproaches for his presumption in daring to hope to be an artist. Yet he could not give it up. It had been the one idea of his life, the aim of his existence, and if this was taken from him, what had he to live for?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



# The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning women's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general warfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 2093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, AUG. 10, 1871.

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## TWO ESTIMATES OF LABOR.

The Anglo-Saxon races pride themselves on their practical good sense; they point to their skillful management of governmental and social matters as abundant proofs of their superiority over other nations; and yet in spite of their much wanted sagacity, no races on earth have a lower appreciation of the dignity and value of labor, that central prop of a nation's prosperity, than these same Anglo-Saxons. The results of labor, wealth, and material success, they appreciate at their full value; but the laborers, the men and women, to whose toil these results are due, they underrate in the most surprising degree.

In England, that "nation of shop-keepers," to be in mercantile life is to be of an inferior caste, and no amount of wealth can ever hide the shocking fact that a man has been a tradesman; merchants and manufacturers value their wealth as a stepping-stone into the ranks of that charmed circle who can proudly boast that they never had any trades-people in their families; and these sensible and clever men, whose judgment is excellent in other respects, will send their sons to the Universities, not for the sake of the education to be had there, but because of the social connections the boys will form with the aristocracy; and they will buy at a high price for their daughters an alliance with some needy family of rank, knowing all the while that they have merely secured the privilege of being looked down upon by their titled relatives as a disgrace, since the fact of the family necessities can alone excuse such a mesalliance.

Young men of good faith and education in England will live on a beggarly pittance, rather

than cease to be gentlemen by working for a living. As to marriage, they never dream of such a thing, unless Fortune throws an heiress in their way. As for women of the upper classes earning their bread, even by teaching, puts them at once out of the pale of matrimony in their own rank in life.

"Of course, if girls become governesses, that ends all their chances of matrimony," said an English lady to us not long since; and it is not surprising, since marriage is regarded as the only suitable business for women, that parents and daughters submit to all sorts of privations rather than lessen the chances of their girls securing husbands.

In America, labor is not degrading for men. We have made one step, at least, in advance of the mother country; but we still accept the absurd theory of one British ancestry that women must be idlers. In all ranks of society it is considered the thing, that a man should support his wife and daughters in idleness. The sons of a father in moderate circumstances in America would never dream of being helpless dependants on that father's labor; so soon as they are old enough to earn their living, they set about it at once—not as a hardship, but cheerfully, and as a matter of course. But these same sons do not dream of expecting their sisters to accept the same duty of self-help; they must remain at home in idleness till some man appears to relieve the father of the burden of their maintenance by shifting it on to his own shoulders.

The result is, that men are overtaxed by the effort to support their families. We all know hundreds of instances of such hard-worked and over-burdened men—martyrs to false social theories, who struggle on with a heroism worthy of a better cause, till they break down or die in the midst of their years from sheer exhaustion. Marriage, which these girls are waiting for, is postponed by their very helplessness. Young men cannot afford the luxury of such expensive and useless wives; wholly unfitted by education to aid in earning a living, these girls must marry only some man who has money enough to keep them, without any effort on their part.

Society suffers from this false training of our young men and women. Early marriages are becoming less and less frequent, and matches of convenience are growing more and more general.

The other nations of Europe are wiser than their Anglo-Saxon neighbors, the English, or than their North American descendants.

They educate women to be useful. They consider it no disgrace for girls to work for their living before marriage, nor to help their husbands in their mercantile, or in their professional labors after marriage.

We speak now of the middle classes. Of course, in the higher ranks, in all nations, idleness and luxury is the rule for men and women; but the middle classes are the majority; and it is with reference to the women of this order that we say, the Continental nations set an example which is well worth the imitation of England and America.

Women of this class as regularly set about earning a living as men. Not only are they milliners and dressmakers, but they enter the mercantile profession—they are saleswomen and bookkeepers everywhere. In hotels they are office clerks as well as housekeepers.

In short, they take their full share, both be-

fore and after marriage, in the practical work of earning a living.

These European women show, too, that business talent is not an exclusively masculine possession.

In passing through the streets of continental cities, one sees very frequently sign boards over the doors of large establishments, bearing the names of the Sisters So-and-so; and not a few of these women have been as successful as any of their masculine competitors in the same line of business. In Brussels, for instance, the Sisters Everbert have one of the best-known and most extensive houses for the manufacture of the fine lace for which Belgium is so famous. These sisters are known and respected everywhere as honorable and capable business women, and their's is only one of many houses we might name, where women have assumed and carried forward business enterprises to a successful issue.

Now, is it only in the mercantile profession that European women show themselves capable and efficient? The wife of Dr. De la Pierre, the Chief of the Dental College of Belgium, is her husband's partner and associate in his professional labors.

Having occasion to go to the office of the Doctor, we were told, as an apology for having to wait some time before he could attend to us, that he was unusually busy that day, as Madame, his wife, was out of town, and, therefore, he had no one to assist him in attending to his patients. When admitted to his presence the Doctor told us, in answer to our enquiries, that his wife was regularly educated for her profession, and a neat, skilful and efficient aid to him in his business.

Dr. Henrietta Heischfeld, of Berlin, is also a well-known and successful member of the Dental profession.

All through Germany the wives of professional men, we are told, are the bookkeepers for their husbands, and their ready and most efficient assistants.

"Our women are trained to the keeping of accounts," said one of the most eminent physicians of Hamburg to us the other day. "My wife has the whole charge of my books, and of all my pecuniary matters."

In every rank in life the women do their full share of the work. If the wives and daughters of peasants toil with their husbands and brothers in the fields; if in the families of shop-keepers, they take their part in their business; if connected with professional men, they assist in the duties that profession involves—"And why not?" asked the dear German physician. "Why should men work and women be idle?"

"Why, indeed?" we re-echoed mentally, thinking of the multitudes of indolent women in our own country, listless, wretched idlers, whose lives would be made not only more useful but happier, if society would but grant them the stimulus of remunerative work.

That

"Men must work and women must weep,  
For there's little to earn and many to keep,"

is an Anglo-Saxon division of labor that is unworthy of this practical nineteenth century. It is time, both in England and America, that women dried their eyes and laid aside their pocket handkerchiefs, and, putting their shoulders to the wheel, should become helps instead of hindrances in pushing forward the machinery of life.



## VINNIE REAM.

Mr. Powers, the well-known sculptor, has severely condemned Miss Ream's statue of Lincoln, which, it is said, he never saw. Whether he is capable of criticising works of art without seeing them, or whether the work of a woman who has risen into notice by the force of original genius, but has not had the long practice of her art necessary to give her works their highest finish and attest her power, should be condemned anyhow because she is a woman is a subject on which there may be a difference of opinion.

Compare the first great works of the two artists. The "Greek Slave," of Powers, is an ideal representation, the embodiment of a refined sensibility and sensuality; and, in its method, is allied to classic art, and has a background of models and fruitful suggestion. It is a fine ideal work in itself considered, and makes a deeper impression by the nature of the subject and its appeals to the sympathy, the passion and the imagination of men. On the other hand, Miss Ream was confined to a historic figure, of our own time, an angular, unhandsome, awkward man, clothed in a dress which it is impossible for even practised artists to make beautiful. It is a modern figure, which gave no opportunity for idealization, no scope for imagination; and the statue appeals to no voluptuous sentiments, no sympathy, nor chivalry, no desire of the heart, no passion of the blood. It is a woman's representation of a pure, noble, heroic man, strong in what is best in man, and only beautiful in the soul which shows itself even in the marble. No one can look on the two works fairly, taking these differences of character into account, without conceding to the latter a creditable success in the comparison.

Miss Ream's statue may not be a work of "high art." It is the first work of an American girl, who has had few or no advantages for the study of her art, no great models to inspire her genius and direct her execution. But every good artistic critic, whose judgment is unbiassed, pronounces her work creditable in every respect. Indeed, some have been so impressed with the manner of her works as to question whether she is really the maker of them.

She is not to blame for receiving the commission for a work beyond her years and ability, if such is the fact; let a Congress composed entirely of men bear the responsibility of giving her the contract. But that she has done a difficult work well, so that it compares favorably with the statues of Webster, Everett, and Mann, and is far superior to the statue of Lincoln in our own city, should save her from the unsparring censure of old artists, and the flippant abuse of critics ignorant of art.

Miss Ream is merely a beginner. She makes no pretensions to having "attained." She points to her works. They speak for themselves and for her. They indicate a high order of artistic talent, a genius for art. If she steadily applies herself to her chosen work with her present enthusiasm, studying the best models, learning of the great masters, striving to make each new work superior to all she has ever done before, it is safe to predict for her a successful future, and an enviable fame. She deserves every encouragement, and let any criticism of her perform-

ance be edged with kindness, appreciation, and cheer.

## THE HELP QUESTION.

The "Winthrop Papers," edited by Robert C. Winthrop, show that women took an active and important part in founding New England, and that Lucy Darling, Gov. Winthrop's sister, disputes, with John Harvard, the honor of founding Harvard University. The hundred pages of letters written by women are full of interest, and give an interesting view of the domestic life of that period. It seems that the "Help" difficulty was one of the chronic complaints of those days, although the mothers of New England, even when they were of noble origin, were able and willing to put their own hands to the wheel or into the starch pan.

On the 28th of April, 1636, Mary Darling, of Ipswich, writes to her mother in Boston: "I still continue to be a troublesome suitor to you in the behalf of a maid. I should hardly have made so bold to iterate my request, but such is my necessity that I am forced to crave your help herein as speedily as may be, my maid being to go away upon May-day, and I am like to be altogether destitute. I can not get her to stay a month longer. I desire the maid may be one that hath been used to all kind of work, and must refuse none. If she have skill in a dairy I shall be the gladder."

But alas! poor Mrs. Darling was as unfortunate as though she had drawn a prize in a modern intelligence office. For the new maid at first "carried herself dutifully as became a servant; but since, through mine and my husband's forbearance toward her for small faults, she has got such a head and has grown so insolent that her carriage toward us, especially myself, is insufferable. If I bid her do a thing she will bid me do it myself, and she says how she will not, and says if I love not quietness I was never so fitted in my life, for she would make me have enough of it." Really it is almost a comfort to know that our great grandmothers had their domestic grievances, and that our modern servants are not worse than those who pestered the pious housewives of those good old times.

## WHO SHOULD GO.

Jennie June thinks the women who go to the Saratoga are the very ones who ought not to go there. "Those eating, dressing, driving, flirting creatures," she says, "ought to go camping out in the woods, or roughing it in the Adirondacks during the summer. For a few short months they should leave their airs and graces, their trains and panniers, their puffs, their patches, their languor and nervousness, and get into the heart of nature. Coffee cooked over cross-sticks and sweetened with molasses, or not sweetened at all—and our experience of hard-tack and salt mackerel would make civilization precious to them when they returned to it, and would take many of the cobwebs out of their brains."

"Then to Saratoga I would bring the hard-worked, the over-taxed women, the poor women whose lives are spent in performing offices for others, and with whose narrow expenses no knowledge of the holiday side of life has ever come. I should like to see these women promenading the grand piazzas, reveling in the light, the air, the sound, the color—

I should like to see them seated at tables supplied with all the luxuries of which they had ever heard, with troops of servants to fly at their bidding, and the choicest things of the earth placed at their disposal.

"I do not think it would hurt them one bit; it would do them good—they would enjoy it for a time, but they would soon become satiated with it, and they would learn that there are better things than the pleasure of the senses—that the exercises of the affections, the performance of duty, the effort to realize a noble ideal of life, are all better even than Saratoga."

## MUSIC AT HOME.

Rev. C. H. Brigham well says that a home which never has any music in it may be neat, orderly, quiet, even in its routine, and may train its children in exemplary ways, but it lacks one of the best influences of domestic union. A piano in good tune not only leads in the music of the song of home, but it makes home sweet, even where epithets of endearment are not lavished. Heaven comes into that home more surely. Very few households are so unfortunate that every member is insensible to harmony, that there is no music in the soul of any. There will usually be some one who can bring out the angel from the chord; and if no one in the family can do this, it may be done by the stranger within the gates. We have known more than one home where the piano was only for friends in their visits; but it made the visits of friends more frequent and more welcome. Music there ought to be in every home, not only the music of a mother "singing to her clean, fat, rosy baby," which the radical Cobbett so much glorifies, but the musing of consenting voices and consenting harps. The head of the house may be a good steward, without any musical knowledge, but a true father will know more than the "two tunes," between which he cannot decide, when he hears his daughter strike the keys. The best sentiment of home connects itself from infancy to age, with the voice of music.

## GETTING A LIVING.

When a living becomes vacant in the English church, there is a great competition among the clergy who have salaries smaller than it affords, to obtain the appointment. It is generally bestowed upon the clergyman who has the largest family. The application is apt to be made by the poor clergyman's wife, who comes to see the patron with all her little ones around her. In a recent instance, a clergyman's wife came and said to the patron, "I hope you will give my poor husband this living. We have ten children, and, another expected in a month." The patron replied, "I am very sorry, but the Rev. Mr. B.'s wife has just been here. She has eleven and another expected in a fortnight!" In another case the noble patron happened to be a Malthusian, and when applied to by a young clergyman and his wife on the ground of having a large family, replied, "You shall have the living on one condition only—that you never bring another baby into the world!" This is getting "a living" on rather hard terms, and the thought of it should make our ministers' wives more content with their situation, even though they are obliged to move every two years.



Special Correspondence.

CALIFORNIA TREES.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I wrote you last from San Francisco, where I enjoyed a week of cool weather and untold hospitalities. From thence we went to San Jose and Stockton, two of the chief cities of the State, where I had fine audiences and made many personal acquaintances. The ride from San Francisco to San Jose is through one of the most beautiful valleys in the world, dotted all along with thriving towns, vineyards and tasteful residences, with a stately range of the Costa mountains on one side, and the Contracosta on the other.

The fashionable drive at San Jose is through the Alameda, a beautiful grove, to Santa Clara, an old Spanish town, where some of the adobe cloisters of the monks are still standing, opposite a modern Catholic college of large proportions and fine architectural taste. In this college, and in the nunnery at San Jose, large numbers of Protestant children are being educated into the traditions and superstitions of the dead past; a fearful cost at which to gain a knowledge of the ordinary branches of education.

Each tree in the Alameda, it is said, was planted by the monks as a punishment for some violation of duty. If the criminals of our times could be made to plant groves, they would not only improve themselves, but make a better atonement for their offences against society than they now do by spending their precious years within the walls of a dull prison. Reformation and not punishment should be the guiding principle of our criminal legislation. At Stockton Miss Anthony joined me, for the Yosemite excursion, and here I found, at last, the personage for whom I had anxiously watched ever since I decided to make the descent into that valley on horseback. I had scanned every returning party to find some woman larger than myself, and, at last, in one from the city of brotherly love she appeared, weighing two hundred and ten pounds, my superior by thirty-five pounds. I was rejoiced to behold her, and to learn that she had taken the orthodox route, seen everything, and actually rode a horse triumphantly. So I am on my way again rejoicing.

A young lady from Boston joined us, and together we are making the trip in a private carriage. We have a very slender, intelligent driver, who does not take much rum, and can answer all our questions. We told him that wherever we were to stop over night, if there were people enough to make a respectable audience, we would speak; accordingly, we made out a programme, and telegraphed at various points, so by the time you receive this, the Yosemite route will ring with woman's suffrage. The labors of the day over, said driver (who enters heart and soul into this work) washed and dusted, performs the triple duty of escort, tract distributor, and door-keeper. Wherever we rest, wherever we stop to water the horses, we distribute THE REVOLUTION, Woodhull's paper, and Mrs. Hooker's appeal, and get up some spicy, passing arguments with landlords and miners. The common opinion among the men in these diggings seems to be, that as women have accepted their present position for years, they can jog on the same way to the end of the chapter.

Our enthusiasm in the great work is somewhat dimmed by the dust and heat; for this, you know, is the dry season in California, no rain from June to October. Wearied and covered with dust, we reached the big trees yesterday. For miles around that mammoth grove, we climbed up through a fine wooded country about 5000 feet above the level of the sea. There we found a large, pleasant hotel, with a neatly kept lawn and these far-famed trees on every side. Wonders are always myths to me, no matter how often I hear them described, until I see them with my own eyes; hence the big trees filled me with wonder and surprise. Think of trees from 15 to 30 feet in diameter, 200 to 400 feet high, striking their roots deeper into earth, and stretching their heads higher up to the heavens through 2000 years! The Calaveras grove was not made in six days! In approaching this point we had watched with wonder and interest the increasing height and size of the trees, and yet we were filled with astonishment in passing between "the two great sentinels" that guard the entrance to the grove. These are 23 feet in diameter and 315 feet high. But large as these seemed at first, they were now small by comparison.

After sitting in the trunk of the "Pioneers' Cabin," 32 feet in diameter, where fifty people might take shelter, after walking on the wreck of the fallen Hercules, 97 feet in circumference, and riding on horseback through the fallen "Father of the Forest," 112 feet in circumference, my ideas of trees were greatly enlarged.

One great beauty of the "Leynoya" trees is that they run up perfectly straight. Their foliage is like the cedar, only the leaf is round instead of flat. Almost every tornado brings one of them down. The one that was cut down by some reckless "white males," was the finest and most vigorous in the forest. They left a stump ten feet high, and on it the proprietor has built a spacious apartment. The floor, thirty-two feet in diameter, is the dark polished surface of the big tree. How wholly wanting these men must have been in the organ of veneration, to have dared to lay their sacrilegious hands on a thing of such majesty, grandeur and beauty.

The trees are named after our leading statesmen, philosophers and poets, that is, of the masculine gender. Womanhood, as usual, is quite forgotten, but the neglected ones have Horace Greeley to bear them company, as he has no namesake in the grove, though he was one of the earliest visitors. All the drivers have some anecdotes to tell of his brief visits. They represent him as always in a hurry. On one occasion he went on horseback into the Yosemite valley forty-eight miles in one day, and out again the next. The morning after, he was so completely used up, that he was transported from his bed to the stage by four gentle-handed Chinamen. On another occasion, having an engagement to speak, he kept urging the driver to go faster up a long, weary mountain. The driver said nothing, but jogged on until he began to descend, and then he put his horses on the full run as usual. Horace, sick and sore, unmercifully bumped about, and much frightened withal, begged the driver to hold up. "No, no," said he, "I am determined to land you in 'Kingdom Come' or Carson City before six o'clock."

Monday evening brings us to Sonora, a thriving mining town, where Miss Anthony gives "The Power of the Ballot," in the Court House. A boy with a bell is ringing the announcement through the street.

"What is to pay, boy?" says a gruff voice.

"A lecture in the Court House."

"What about?"

"Woman's rights."

"Fudge! But I'll be there."

We have travelled miles and miles through the mining regions. You can imagine nothing more dreary and desolate. Acres of bare rocks, of every imaginable shape and size, the soil all washed out; the poor huts in which the people live are undermined.

If you wish to know how little real value gold has, look at the condition of the people where it is plenty. Miners live the poorest, and work the hardest of all classes of laborers. I hope to write you next from the valley of the Yosemite.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

SONORA, CAL., AUG. 1871.

REPORT OF THE NATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE.

BY ISABELLA B. HOOKER.

Early in January, 1871, a Convention was held in Washington, D. C., called by a few ladies on their own responsibility, and in the interest of no suffrage association, to press upon Congress the immediate necessity of a Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, granting the right of suffrage to women citizens. Some weeks before the meeting of the Convention, a "Memorial" had been offered to the House of Representatives by Victoria C. Woodhull, setting forth the fact of her citizenship, and praying Congress to pass such a Declaratory Act concerning the true interpretation of the Constitution in regard to the right of citizens, as would secure to her and to all women citizens their inalienable right to vote without denial or molestation. This Memorial was ordered printed and referred to the Judiciary Committee; and on Wednesday, Jan. 11th, the very day that the Convention was to assemble, a hearing was granted to Mrs. Woodhull by the Committee, at ten o'clock in the morning.

On consultation with friends of suffrage in Washington, the Convention adjourned its morning session till afternoon, in order that all who wished might attend the hearing, and the large Committee Room was filled with a most attentive audience. At the request of the Chairman, the Hon. Mr. Bingham, Mrs. Hooker conducted the hearing, on the part of the petitioner, and introduced Mrs. Woodhull, who read her Memorial and an able argument in favor of the constitutional construction asked for in that document. A. J. Riddle, Esq., followed in an elaborate argument on the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, prepared at the request of the managers of the Convention, and delivered again, in substance, on their platform, on the evening of the same day. Short speeches were then made by Miss Anthony and Mrs. Hooker, urging the Committee to report early upon this Memorial, and in such manner as to bring on before the House a full discussion of the great question involved.

The hearing proved to be one of great interest, and hearty congratulations were exchanged among the friends of suffrage on the new impulse so evidently given to the work of woman's enfranchisement.

During the sessions of the Convention which followed, the speeches were all enlivened by the new hope of a speedy recognition of the right of women to vote under the Constitution and the Amendments already enacted; and it is believed no allusion was made to working for a Sixteenth Amendment, although the Convention was originally called for that special purpose. A remarkable earnestness of purpose, and desire for prompt ac-



tion in pressing this constitutional question upon the attention of Congress, was developed during the Convention and for days after; and when it was found that the subject was being seriously discussed in Congressional committee rooms and dinner parties, and in social gatherings and family circles all over the city, it became apparent that in some way the subject must be kept alive during the whole session of Congress, and the women of the country be made acquainted with the new atmosphere of Washington City, and aroused to concentrated action on behalf of this new issue.

It was plainly to be seen that, at last, the key-note had been struck for woman's emancipation, and it only remained that the women of the country, North and South, East and West, should fill in the jubilant harmony. Already leading minds at the Capitol openly declared that woman suffrage was taken out of the realm of ridicule and placed under the shield of constitutional law.

This view became the more apparent when in the month following, the Judiciary Committee presented two printed reports on the Memorial, a Majority Report from Hon. Mr. Bingham, Chairman, and a Minority Report signed by Judge Loughridge, of Iowa, and Hon. Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts. These reports are believed to be the first substantial recognition by Congress that women citizens of the United States have any rights that members of that body are bound to respect.

During a period of twenty years, thousands and thousands of men and women citizens have petitioned that honorable body to inaugurate a movement which should secure to half the citizens of the United States a voice in making the laws under which they were to live; but up to last winter, not a single Committee has reported otherwise than to ask to be discharged from the consideration of the subject; and only the week before the Convention in January the Judiciary Committee of the Senate refused to hear arguments in favor of a Sixteenth Amendment from representative women in person, although numerous petitions were lately referred to that Committee, and had been, from time to time, during many previous years, and although the distinguished Chairman was compelled to acknowledge that there had been several precedents for an oral hearing before that honorable body within his recollection.

In view of all these facts the women who constitute the present National Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee agreed to meet daily and devise plans of action to meet present and coming developments, and they are most happy to be able to state, that thus far their action has received hearty commendation from many earnest women all over the country; and letters now on file from them have been a source of great strength to the Committee during the whole winter.

An informal letter to the *Independent*, written by one of the Committee, suggested that every woman in the United States who believed she had a right to vote, and was willing to pledge herself to do so, whenever restrictions were removed, should send her name to the Secretary, together with one dollar to start a printing fund and meet the current expenses of the Committee. The pledge is as follows:

## DECLARATION AND PLEDGE OF THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES CONCERNING THEIR RIGHT TO AND THEIR USE OF THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

We, the undersigned, believing that the sacred rights and privileges of citizenship in this Republic were guaranteed to us by the original Constitution, and that these rights are confirmed and more clearly established by the XIVth and XVth Amendments, so that we can no longer refuse the solemn responsibilities thereof, do hereby pledge ourselves to accept the duties of the franchise in our several States so soon as all legal restrictions are removed.

And believing that character is the best safeguard of National liberty, we pledge ourselves to make the personal purity and integrity of candidates for public office, the first test of fitness.

And, lastly, believing in God as the Supreme Author of the American Declaration of Independence, we pledge ourselves in the spirit of that memorable act, to work hand in hand with our fathers, husbands and sons, for the maintenance of those equal rights on which our Republic was originally founded, to the end that it may have what is declared to be the first condition of just government, the consent of the governed.

This letter brought such immediate response

from all parts of the country, in the shape of autograph signatures, that the Committee concluded to print it as a circular, and send it to every woman forwarding her name, together with some tract on suffrage, and, also, with a little printed card, urging her to procure other signers and dollars, and forward without delay.

They also conceived the plan of a free, monthly distribution of tracts all over the country, not only upon suffrage, but eventually upon Political Economy, especially in its moral phases, placing these in the hands of mothers of families, of women teachers and of working women in every town and village of the land, to the end that women becoming voters should have the materials for their political education close at hand.

During the first two months, dollars came frequently with the names of signers; but of late, while names are pouring in at a rate that keep our Secretary busy eight and ten hours every day sending out acknowledgements to each signer, which she has faithfully done, almost no money has come to the treasury.

The importance of obtaining these signatures cannot be overestimated. To meet the one great question that was asked both in and out of Congress, "How many women really wish to vote—how many will vote when they may with perfect freedom?" the Committee devised the plan of recording the names of such women as fast as they were sent in; and they confidently expect before the next session of Congress to have on hand in their Committee room at the Capitol, (they were kindly offered the use of three Committee rooms last winter, and have no doubt that similar courtesies will be tendered them next winter,) more than one large volume filled with the names of "women who wish to vote." Some sheets have come to us, filled with the names under that simple heading—"Women in the town of —, who wish to vote"—and these have been duly recorded with the rest, the Committee having issued a formal Declaration and Pledge for the purpose of calling attention to the new issue, and urging upon the women of the country immediate action in behalf of their own enfranchisement, rather than of prescribing the precise mode in which they should express their sense of their present political rights and duties, and their intentions in regard to the use of the franchise.

The work of receiving and acknowledging signatures has grown upon the hands of the Committee inasmuch that they have been unable to give any attention to the project for a monthly distribution of tracts, or even to raising funds for current expenses. They are now not only out of funds, but in debt to friends who have furnished tracts on credit, trusting to their future ability to pay. Mr. Riddle generously placed at our disposal the whole first edition (10,000 copies) of his admirable argument, and he has also become responsible for a new edition of the same, which we are now circulating in response to numerous calls. Beside this we have sent out over 20,000 other tracts, appeals, minority reports, &c., and we could easily send out hundreds daily, if funds for printing could be furnished us. We are convinced that if we should be enabled to carry on the work for a year to come, of putting a copy of the Minority Report, or of the various constitutional arguments, written by women themselves, with every intelligent family in the country, and of recording and acknowledging the names of all women desiring the franchise, that the question would be virtually settled during the next session of Congress, and women would be recognized as voters during the next Presidential election, under this new but righteous construction of the Constitution.

The Committee desire exceedingly to send, with every enclosure, a pocket copy of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution of the United States, with the recent amendments. They are convinced that the men of this country are lamentably ignorant not only concerning the letter of these documents, but the great comprehensive spirit of them; and they are deeply

anxious that women, to whom, in the family and the school, is entrusted the early education of both boys and girls, should be filled with a patriotic sense of the true character of both these great documents. But to accomplish even this simple work of putting Congressional reports, arguments, and the Constitution itself, into every intelligent family in the land, will require thousands of dollars. Not more thousands, perhaps, than there are women who wish to vote, and who would send their dollar if they could, but as many working women who really constitute the bone and sinew of this movement, are unable, in justice to themselves and their families, to contribute even this small sum, we earnestly invite women of means, and men of means also, to contribute their hundreds to this great educational work.

In response to numerous letters, the Committee would now suggest a few items of work to be done by individuals.

1. Every woman should vote or attempt to vote at every Federal, State or Municipal election, under the Act of May, 1870, having first qualified, or attempted to qualify, according to the laws of her State.

2. Women should form parlor associations or clubs in every town, for the purpose of strengthening each other in the performance of this duty, and should pay the expenses of such suits as it may be thought best to bring into court as test cases, out of a common fund raised by the association for that and kindred purposes. It is very desirable that these associations should also employ competent women to prepare and argue the cases, paying them from the common fund. The moral effect of this proceeding would be very great, and every State has one or more women within its borders who are entirely competent to perform this duty in a satisfactory manner.

Already there are cases in the courts which will probably be carried up to the Supreme Court, where one case argued and decided will furnish as good a test as many. But should Congress be compelled next winter virtually to decide the question of the right of women citizens to vote, by settling questions of contested seats made so by counting the votes of women, an appeal to the Supreme Court will be rendered unnecessary—and there are many who believe this will be the case.

3. Every woman who wishes to be endowed with the right of voting on the same terms with the male citizen of the Republic should send her name and post-office address on a small slip of paper to the Secretary, Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, Washington, to be placed in an autograph book of record, which will be kept open for signatures at the Capitol until woman is declared to be enfranchised. She should enclose, also, such sum of money, large or small, as she may wish expended in the circulation of political tracts under the direction of the Committee, and she will immediately receive an acknowledgement of both name and money, and a specimen of the tract in present distribution.

4. Women should obtain hearings before legislative committees of every State, arguing the question for themselves; should obtain lyceum and free lectures in every town and village; should read and fortify themselves with arguments for private use, that fathers, husbands and brothers may be moved because of their importunity, if, for no other reason, to accord to them equal political rights. The Committee are of the opinion that it rests with women themselves whether they will sit with folded hands in their comfortable homes, deploring the terrible evils that now afflict the body politic; or, rousing themselves for a contest with these evils, will bring them in a swift coming future, to their deserved end. Men alone are powerless to do this. Men and women together are God's vicegerents upon the earth to replenish and subdue it and make it a Paradise indeed. Women of America, will you shrink any longer from accepting your share of this sacred duty?

New York, May, 1871.

WHEN infants are sent away to be nursed, home is sent out of the house.



TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

AN ATTRACTIVE LIST OF PREMIUMS.

For 15 Subscribers and \$30, we will give a Doty Washing Machine. One of the best assistants in domestic labor.			
" 15	"	"	\$24, a Doty Clothes Wringer. No housewife should be without it.
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" 10	"	"	\$20, one Dress Pattern, fifteen yards best quality black Alpaca.
" 10	"	"	\$20, a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; something needed in every family.
" 9	"	"	\$18, one dozen Spoons, heavily plated.
" 9	"	"	\$18, one dozen silver plated Forks.
" 9	"	"	\$18, silver plated Teapot.
" 9	"	"	\$18, one dozen Dinner Knives, best quality.
" 7	"	"	\$14, one set of French China, 44 pieces.
" 6	"	"	\$12, silver plated Cake Basket.
" 6	"	"	\$12, " Butter Dish.
" 6	"	"	\$10, one linen damask Table Cloth.
" 3	"	"	\$6, one of Prang's Celebrated Chromos, "The Kid's Playground."
" 3	"	"	\$6, Prang's beautiful Steel Engraving, "Our Women Warriors."
" 3	"	"	\$4, Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement.
" 2	"	"	\$4, silver plated Butter-Knife.

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

Burnett's Cologne—The best in America.  
Burnett's Cocaine, the best hair-dressing.  
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Burnett's Asthma remedy—A sure cure.

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A LADY wishes a position as Assistant Editor, or would act as New York Correspondent. Has had experience on a daily paper; can write editorials on current topics, book reviews, etc., and is competent to correct proofs. Will not leave the city. Address AUTHORESS, No. 29 Morton St., New York.

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BREAK IT UP EARLY.—If troubled with a cough or cold, break it up at once. A few doses of Hale's Honey of Horehound will suffice in the beginning; but an affection of this kind is like a fire—the longer it is allowed to rage unchecked, the more time it takes to extinguish it. At any stage of the complaint, however, short of confirmed consumption, this powerful and wholesome remedy, persistently administered, will unquestionably effect a cure. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents and \$1. Great saving to buy large size.

CHILDREN TEETHING.—The mother finds a faithful friend in *Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup*. It is perfectly harmless. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhoea, relieves griping in the bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums and reduces inflammation. By giving relief and health to the child, it comforts and rests the mother.

WHILE quackery and humbugery have been stocking the shelves of our drug stores with preparations which are totally inefficient to do the work which is attributed to them, Dr. Helmbold, of New York, has gone on with his researches, and has enriched science with some of the most valuable extracts that have gone into popular favor in many years. The great success attained by Helmbold is alone a sufficient guaranty that he is not among the quacks, but that his discoveries have really been valuable acquisitions to science.

The success which has been attained by this great pharmacist has been attributed to the liberal manner in which he advertises; but when we confess that this has been, to a great extent, the means of bringing his valuable preparations into notice, their real success has arisen from their known value, established by fair and successful trial. Hundreds of people are ready to testify to their merits, who have tried them. And this is the safest guaranty that he has of his success. He has been a benefactor to science, and is now reaping the reward which he so justly deserves.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA, North College avenue, and Twenty-second street, Philadelphia, Pa. The twenty-second annual session will begin on Thursday, October 5, 1871. Clinical advantages of an extended character are provided. For catalogue and other information, address ANN PRESTON, M.D., DEAN, 5t eow or EMELINE H. CLEVELAND, Sec'y.

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They are given in complaints of the Urinary Organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, Morbid Irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, Disease of the Prostate Gland, and Retention or Incontinence of Urine, from a loss of tone in the parts concerned in its evacuation. The remedy has also been recommended in Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Affections, and Dropsy.

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In affections peculiar to females, the Extract Buchu is unequalled by any other remedy, as in Chlorosis, or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness, or Suppression of Customary evacuations, Ulcerated or chancrous State of the Uterus, Leucorrhoea or Whites.

DISEASES OF THE BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, AND DROPSICAL SWELLINGS.—This medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcareous depositions, and all unnatural enlargements are reduced, as well as pain and inflammation.

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To a tumbler half full of water, put a table-spoonful or more of sugar, add to it a tea-spoonful of the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT, mix them well together, and drink it.

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For Ague make a like application to the face. It is best, at all times, when making an external application, to take some of the above mixture internally; it quickens the blood, and invigorates the system.

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For Chills and Fever it is a certain and sure cure. Should be used freely externally, about the chest, and take internally at the same time. It quickens the blood and invigorates the whole system. No mistake about it.

PRICE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

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Use that old and well-tried remedy

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PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to your  
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RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

We have put up and sold this article for years, and  
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the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief  
will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the  
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This valuable preparation has been used with NEV-  
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THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigo-  
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almost instantly relieve

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND WIND COLIC.

We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world,  
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(Y Drych.)

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As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in one preparation; which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

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FAILLE, TAFFETA,  
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In all the various clans.

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After the new original designs of

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We have purchased, for cash, of the Nottingham  
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ENGLISH HOSIERY,  
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THE 6TH INST., 6TH INST., 6TH INST.

They comprise 165 dozen  
CHILDREN'S FULL REGULAR WHITE COTTON  
HOSE, AT 25 CTS. PER PAIR.  
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At 4 cts. per pair.

82 dozen LADIES' BALRIGGAN EMBROIDERED  
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FRENCH TWIST FRINGE

At 50c. per yard

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A line of NARROW BLACK GIMP HEADINGS at  
25c. per yard, about half their actual value.

**WANTED—AGENTS, (\$30.00 PER DAY)** to sell  
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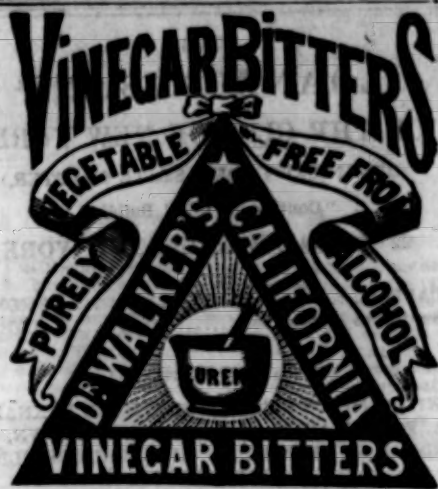
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They are not a vile Fancy Drink, Made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the **GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER** and a **LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE**, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

**FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS**, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal.

**For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder**, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by **Vitiated Blood**, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

**DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION**, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

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Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

**Pin, Tape and other Worms**, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist, there is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

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601 BROADWAY,  
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**Gargling Oil**

**IS GOOD FOR**

Burns and Scalds,	Rheumatism,
Chilblains,	Hemorrhoids or Piles,
Sprains and Bruises,	Sore Nipples,
Chapped Hands,	Caked Breasts,
Flesh Wounds,	Flatula, Mange,
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External Poisons,	Scratches, or Grease,
Sand Cracks,	Stringhalt, Windgalls,
Galls of all kinds,	Foundered Feet,
Sitfast, Ringbone,	Cracked Heels,
Poll Evil,	Foot Rot in Sheep,
Bites of Animals & Insects,	Roup in Poultry,
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Large Size, \$1.00. Medium, 50c. Small, 25c.

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The Gargling Oil is for sale by all respectable dealers throughout the United States and other Countries.

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Manufactured at Lockport, New York.

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**MERCHANT'S**

**Gargling Oil Company,**  
JOHN HODGE, Sec'y

From the Lockport Times of March 4th, 1871.

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From the Independent, (N. Y.) December, 1870.

It is astonishing to witness the rapid development of the trade in this famous article. Whether for use on man or beast, the Merchant's Gargling Oil will be found an invaluable liniment, and worthy of use by every resident in the land.

From the Louisville (Ky.) Daily Democrat of June 4th, 1856.

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